THE WESTERN FARMER,

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, AND RURAL ECONOMY.

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For The Western Farmer.

Worth of Agricultural Newspapers.

"No, I can do well enough without it; I can get along as well as my father and grandfather did before me," said a young farmer when asked to subscribe for an agricultural newspaper. "Not exactly," replied a brother farmer who happened to know their value, and who had been listening to our conversation; "not quite so fast neighbor: I will tell you of one advantage at least in them; not long since one of my *cows* was taken sick with a kind of disease which for the life of me I could not cure, and I was about giving her up to die when I recollected that I had an agricultural work in which I had read something about the diseases of cattle, &c. I caught it up, read the directions and immediately applied the remedy—a cure was effected in less than three hours.—Here then is the life of a valuable cow worth probably 30 dollars, saved by an *agricultural newspaper* which only costs but a mere trifle." I need not add that my friend was convinced by his argument, and became a subscriber and regular correspondent. M.

Breeding.

Cooper gives us two excellent rules: "Choose those animals or vegetables to propagate from, that possess the qualities you wish to propagate, in the greatest perfection. Volumes may be written to illustrate and confirm this advice, he adds, but nothing can be added to it substantially.

"Never quit one good breed, till you can pick out from a better. By following this plain method for a few generations, always seeking for those parents who have the points you want, in the greatest perfection, you will certainly improve your stock, whether of racers, cart-horses, cows, corn or strawberries."

From the N. E. Farmer.

Silk in the Western States.

The following is an extract from the report of a committee presented to the House of Representatives of the United States:

The soil and climate of the Western states has also been found to be peculiarly adapted to the silk culture; and many farmers and others are turning their attention to it. In Ohio, there are a number of companies incorporated, with large capitals, and under the direction of skilful managers. The Ohio Silk Company, at Columbus, has a large plantation on the rich bottoms of the Scioto, which is fast stocking with both kinds of the mulberry: thirty thousand Italian, four years old, and a large number of the Chinese, have been set. The company propose to extend their plantation of Italian, to at least one hundred acres, with one thousand trees to the acre, and an equal number of acres with the Chinese. It is also their intention to add about fifty acres in hedges of both kinds.

A company has also been formed at Mount Pleasant, in Jefferson county, with a capital of $50,000. The Massillon Manufacturing Company have had their capital extended to $600,000, and are determined to engage largely in the culture of silk. Several other companies have been formed, and many more have petitions before the Legislature for acts of incorporation. In the vicinity of Canton, in Stark county, seventy families are said to be engaged in making silk; and in Knox, Cuyahoga, Jefferson, Belmont, Washington, Brown, Hamilton, Montgomery, Highland, and several other counties, many individuals are beginning. Several petitions are now before the Legislature, praying for public encouragement; and it is expected something liberal will be done.

In Kentucky, a company has been incorporated under the name of the "Camp-

bell County Silk Culture and Manufacturing Company," and has selected a favorable location opposite Cincinnati. The subject is new in this state, but it is attracting attention, as is apparent from the following extract of a letter from a gentleman near Lexington:—"The first talk of silk-raising in this country, was about a year and a half since, when a friend sent me the first copy of the Silk Culturist. So great has been the increase of public sentiment, that there appear but few of the rich farmers but who are talking of it as a source of employment for their weak force. There are a great many Italian mulberries of one year's growth. I have near one hundred thousand in a nursery of five acres; and there is the produce of four pounds and a half of seed more, raised by five of my immediate neighbors; all of which will be planted out in the spring in hedge rows. I calculate there will be over one hundred acres planted. The six that are now making experiments are all rich, and can bring into the field one hundred and fifty hands of their own, and as much land as is necessary: and our whole energy will be turned to it."

In Indiana, large quantities of seed have been sown, and a spirit of inquiry has been awakened, particularly among the Quakers at Richmond. A gentleman of that place says: "There has nothing but the Italian been grown as yet, of which there is, to my knowledge, only about thirty thousand trees, which are all seedlings. There will be some of the real Chinese, and also some of the *multicaulis* cultivated, though to a limited extent. The business cannot flourish with us till our trees have grown, though our woods abound with the black mulberry." There is a large nursery of both kinds at Madison, and the state will gradually be furnished with trees.

In Illinois, Michigan, Missouri, and Tennessee, small beginnings have been made, and the congeniality of the soil and climate cannot, ultimately, fail of making them great silk-growing states.

In looking at the vast amount of silk annually imported and consumed in this country, and the facilities it furnishes for its production, the conviction irresistibly forces itself upon the mind, that our national interest, independence and respectability, loudly call for such legislative aid and encouragement as stimulate to activity and perseverance, the efforts which are making to introduce its culture as a common branch of rural economy. Hitherto, the work has been carried forward by individual exertions; and this is unquestionably the true method, so far as individual interest is concerned. But the nation has a great interest involved in it; and it is its duty to foster it in such a manner as will afford it protection and encouragement. The public and individuals having a common interest in the object, may, by an energetic co-operation in effort, secure its benefits to both.

The efforts which have been made by individuals, and the success which has thus far attended them, seem to point out the course which should be adopted by Congress. Enough has been done already to enlighten the public, so far as its practicability and profit are concerned; and nothing more is wanting to induce thousands of the enterprising and industrious to engage in it, but a thorough knowledge of its details. Could a general diffusion of practical knowledge on the subject of cultivating the tree and rearing the worm, be effected, I have no doubt the United States would finally become one of the greatest silk-growing countries in the world. It is for the committe to recommend the measures which ought to be taken by Congress, to promote this great object; and in their hands I leave it.

I am, sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
ANDREW T. JUDSON.

Hon. J. Q. Adams,
Chairman Com. on Man.

Early Fruit.

There is one thing more than usually vexatious in this world of ours—and that is, to be at considerable pains in collecting early and choice varieties of fruit, and before they can approach maturity, or yourself have a touch of their

real quality, to find them disappearing in the maws of your idle neighbor's sons, or in the pack of some vagabondizing commoner. These things, however, must be expected; but there are many farmers, who, in the article of early fruit, are as negligent as those who expect to live on other's orchards and gardens. Now there is no necessity for this. Any man who owns a few rods of ground, can have, and should have, a supply of fruit for himself and family; fruit of most varieties, and such as is adapted to all seasons. There is no propriety in my pestering my neighbor for his early cherries, pears or apples, when I may just as well have them of my own. Yet how many farmers there are, and mechanics, and professional men too, who have orchards of their own, that go without the junitings, yellow harvest, sine qua non, and bough apples, and rich summer pears, or beg them of their neighbors, when a few shillings expense in the purchase of trees, or in grafting or inoculating, would soon furnish an abundant supply of these desirable fruits. It should be a standing maxim with the farmer, never to be dependent on others for what his own farm can produce; and if those who are now without early fruit, will at once set about procuring it in the proper ways, they will undoubtedly be as much gratified with the result, as those upon whose labors they are now so prone to encroach.—*Genessee Farmer.*

A Rolling Stone gathers no Moss.

We have often had occasion to observe the restless and discontented disposition exhibited by some men, who always seem to think they could do much better in some other employment than that in which they are engaged, and who are therefore constantly shifting their business. Such men never become wealthy, because they are always learning new kinds of business, and are engaged in no one kind long enough to acquire that superior skill and knowledge in it which can alone enable any one to carry it on advantageously, especially where he has to encounter competition.

People in the country are apt generally to believe that all those who reside in the city, become enormously rich, and their fate is therefore an enviable one; hence we so often see those who possess good farms in the country, and are getting along well, who live independently, and OUGHT to live contentedly, selling them, and with the money thus obtained, commencing business—business which they knew nothing about—in the city. The almost invariable result of this attempt to carry on a new business in a new place, is failure, bankruptcy and disappointment; ending often in insanity or besotted drunkenness. Nor is the idea entertained by people in the country, that those in the city make money with ease and abundantly, correct. Men undergo more privation and labor harder in the city than they do in the country. Their risks are also much greater, and their cares and anxieties are of course proportionably increased. True, individuals there are, who acquire larger fortunes in a city than are found in the country; but, compared with the whole number who start in the race of competition, how few there are who are thus successful! The thousands and hundreds of thousands who fail, drop by the way-side and are crushed by the moving mass, are never heard of; it is only those who win—who live in large houses, give parties, drive their carriages, wield a powerful influence in banks, and become giants on change, who attract notice and envy!

Again, how often is it that even these individuals, whose happy lot (false estimate) excite the envy of their fellow mortals, are seen to strut their brief hours upon the stage—the ruling star of the day—and be then suddenly hurried from their proud eminence, by reverse of fortune, to the depths of poverty and wretchedness! Is the lot of such an one, an object to excite envy? No; a thousand—ten thousand times happier is the farmer who ploughs his field, tends his cattle, gathers his crop, eats his bread moistened by the sweat of his brow, and relishes his food and sleep with an appetite which labor and contentment alone can give!

The philosopher and man of observation see in these cases lessons of wisdom—the thoughtless pass them by unnoticed.—*Phil. Com. Her.*

To promote the Growth of Trees.

Some separate the dry bark of fruit and forest trees, to promote their growth and prevent the bark binding too much. This disfigures the tree, making seams in the trunk, and makes it grow in angles. The best way is, when the sap is forced up by the warmth of spring, to scrape off all the scaly particles of the dead bark, and wash the trees repeatedly during the week with soap suds, &c. Trees of considerable age will then have a youthful appearance, be more thrifty; and in case of fruit trees, the fruit will make more cider than that grown on scurvy moss grown trees.

Put cinders, bones or stones, about the roots of pear trees; it will increase their growth one third and save them from blight.—*Gen. Far.*

Remedy against Ants.

Accident has furnished an excellent recipe for destroying ants. A merchant, whose warehouses were infested by these destructive insects, remarked on a sudden that they had deserted one particular room; and observation having convinced him that the circumstance was caused by a barrel of fish oil, which had been placed there, he tried the experiment of placing some of the oil round the plants in his garden, when he found it produced the effect of driving the ants from the place in a few hours. —*French paper.*

Soap your Seed Corn.

Put your seed corn in soap—let it remain a short time, and stir it until you are sure the soap has reached it all —then roll it in plaster, ashes, sand, or whatever you please, so as to make it convenient to drop, and the wire-worm will never injure the product or kernel. Do just try it.—*Maine Farmer.*

Flattery is the commerce of falsehood, and the food of vanity.

Farmer's Lot.

Away with grandeur, pomp, and gold,
Away with childish ease,
Give me but strength my plough to hold,
And I'll find means to please.

'Tis sweet to toil for those we love—
My wife and darling boys,
Both tend to make my labor prove
The sweetness of my joys.

The sweetest morsel I procure,
When labor makes it sweet,
Is eaten with a taste more pure,
Than meats that monarchs eat.

'Tis mine—yes, 'tis my happy lot,
From cares and av'rice free,
To own but this secluded cot,
Sweet friends and liberty.

Thus I no monarch on his throne
Can grudge his destiny;
Let him his weight of cares bemoan,
Whilst I am truly free.

When labor wearies and grows dull,
I take my books or pen,
Thus I the sweetest pleasure cull,
And thus all sorrow end.

Now tell me, all ye gouty train,
Who have what fortune gives,
Is not the cheerful country swain,
The happiest man that lives?

Butter.

The following very sensible remarks from the N. E. Farmer we adopt as our own sentiments, and would apply them to the manufacture for the Cincinnati market:

There is no article in our market or on our farms, in respect to which there is more just ground of complaint than butter. In few cases is it found fresh and sweet. In most cases, we speak particularly of public houses, it is absolutely detestable; and often comes upon the table "daubed over" in a manner thoroughly disgusting. How we are to find a remedy for this evil it is not easy to see. It is difficult to induce a patient to take medicine, who has not the slightest consciousness of ill health, or to submit to an amputation when they have never felt any pain in the limb; or to speak

more plainly, to induce those persons to wash their faces who never look in a glass, or who perhaps in the course of their lives never yet saw the true color of their skin. We are determined, however, as often as convenient, to throw in our mite, and protest against the manner in which this article, which is almost a first necessary of life, is made, kept, and served up.

We might have good butter if we would; but with our usual modes of management, it is not surprising that things are as they are. The milk is not always drawn clean; and impurities find their way into the pail which no strainer will take out. The pans into which the milk is poured are not always thoroughly cleansed and scalded, and dried before using. The dairy room is oftentimes ill-placed and badly ventilated; and frequently made a general receptacle for broken meats and dirty dishes, and the nameless and miscellaneous fragments of the table. Then too, the cream is kept too long before churning; the butter is imperfectly worked; the article is oversalted, and put to be kept in a place where there is little or no difficulty in its soon passing into a state of rancidness.

The farmers have no excuse whatever to offer for poor butter. They might have good butter always. There is encouragement enough given in our markets. The butter of some farmers who send weekly to Boston, commands always thirty-seven and a half cents per pound; and if they could send a thousand pounds a week they would find a ready market for the whole of it. The butter sent in for exhibition and premium brings usually from thirty-three to fifty cents per pound. One farmer within our knowledge, has for years received forty-five cents per pound for his butter through the whole winter season. Can farmers ask any better prices than these? and why should any farmer consent to be outdone by his neighbor, if he has the spirit of a man? Perhaps however, this matter belongs more justly to the "appropriate sphere" of women. We shall say nothing uncivil to *them*, most certainly; but we hope at least they will hear what we have said to their husbands.

We occasionally hear housekeepers remark that they buy a cheap butter, because it "will answer well enough for cooking." We always mark these people; and desire to keep clear of their cookery. Nothing should answer for cooking which is not entirely sweet and wholesome; and rancid butter is poison, let it be disguised as it may be. Poor butter in the market ought never to find a sale; and in spite of all the noisy discussion now ringing in the public ear about sumptuary laws, we do maintain, without compromise or abatement, that the use of spoiled butter for food, ought to be made an indictable offence.

For the Western Farmer.

Blight in Fruit Trees.

MR. EDITOR:—I believe the object of your valuable paper is to give *practical* knowledge on the various branches of agriculture, horticulture &c.—Being therefore, a practical farmer, I take the liberty of sending you for publication my method of curing the blight in pear trees.

I make an incision in the tree with an auger, about two inches deep, and in a slanting position, so that the bottom or farther point of the hole shall be inclined towards the roots and generally about two feet above them; the cavity is then filled with sulphur and plugged up perfectly tight: I then cut off the plug smoothly even with the bark. This operation I perform in the month of March or April, or any time when the sap is circulating in the tree.

I have tried this on pear trees that were almost entirely decayed, and have never failed of reviving them. The same method is attended with success on peach trees. J. WATERS.

Greene, Ohio, Sept. 1839.

For the Western Farmer.

New method of raising Fruit Trees.

A GENTLEMAN of long experience in agricultural pursuits communicates the following easy and simple method of raising fruit trees. Take a common graft or sprig containing three or four buds or more, cut it off at both ends

and apply to each simply shoemakers' wax in a soft or melted state; then lay it upon the ground and cover it about two or three inches deep with earth, and you will have an earlier growth than in the usual way. This process is to take place when the sap is in circulation.—Farmers, try it, and let us have the result of your experiments. M.

Sept. 1839.

A Substitute for Paint.

(CREAM COLOR.)

10 lbs French Yellow,
6 lb Spanish White,
5 lb Glue,
1 Table Spoonful of Venitian Red.

Dissolve the Glue in six quarts of water, over a fire; add as much cold water to the French Yellow and Spanish White, as will make them of the consistence of cream. Then unite the whole with the Glue water, and put it on with a white-wash brush.

It will resemble oil paint of a handsome cream color, and stands well.

A durable white-wash for brick buildings, and outbuildings, and fences of wood—

One peck of White Lime,
$\frac{1}{4}$ lb Blue Vitriol,
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb Clean Brown Sugar,
One Pint of Salt.

Add as much water as may be necessary to put it on with a common paint brush.

Stucco White-wash.

10 lbs Lime, or Spanish White,
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb Glue,
2 lbs Flour of Rice, boiled to a paste,
1 lb Brown Sugar,
1 lb Rock or common Salt.

Add if you please $\frac{1}{4}$ lb Gum Arabic, and prepare it warm.

Fever and Ague—Effectual Remedy.

The following simple recipe has never been known to fail, and is now published for the benefit of such as may be suffering under this disagreeable complaint:—One oz. Yellow Peruvian Bark, quarter oz. Cream Tartar, one table spoonful pulverized Cloves, one pint Teneriffe Wine. Mix together. Shake it well, and take a wine glass full every two hours after the fever is off.

N. B. Before taking the above, a dose of Epsom Salts, or other medicine, should be administered, to cleanse the stomach, and render the cure more speedy and certain—*N. Y. Amer.*

Penny-Royal.

Farmers might easily save the flesh of horses and cows, and confer great kindness on their animals, in preventing the usual annoyance of flies, by simply washing the parts with the extracts of Penny-royal. Flies will not alight a moment on the spot to which this has been applied. Every man who is compassionate to his beast, ought to know this simple remedy, and every livery stable and country inn ought to have a supply on hand for travelers.—*Yankee Farmer.*

From the Trenton Emporium.

A Useful Hint.

In mingling with the busy multitude that throngs the theatre of life, and casting around us an observing eye, we may glean many lessons of wisdom. Evil examples abound, and these are to be studied and *avoided*. Good ones are also to be found, and these should command our *imitation*, as well as admiration. We journey through a country so full of devious roads and winding paths, that sometimes it is difficult to determine which is the straight forward way, and we are in danger of turning to the right hand or to the left very often—but the examples afforded by the history and condition of others, if properly studied, would generally prove finger-posts, in doubtful cases, to point us in the right course. I have little doubt that the exercise of a moderate share of wisdom and prudence, in at least nine cases out of ten, will enable us to escape most of the ills of life. Indeed so satisfied am I that men are generally the cause of their own misfortunes, that whenever I see a poor half starved looking soul, wandering about with holes in his elbows, and his toes peeping out of his shoes, I say to myself "that man has been imprudent," and I ask the reader when he be-

holds such a spectacle to apply the test and see whether he differs much from me in the conclusion. I sat down however to tell a story.

In a neat village, in that wild and romantic country to which the reader has been led so often, the banks of the Susquehanna, not far from Alesbury, lived a family by the name of Merton, in middling circumstances, respected and contented. Mary Merton was the eldest of six daughters who, having been judiciously brought up to habits of industry and economy, were rather assistants than drawbacks upon their parents.—They were all well behaved, good looking girls, and in the bright summer holidays, and long winter evenings, seldom failed to be plentifully supplied with those necessary, though often mischievous, troublesome, and worthless things, called gallants. The Mertons had some wealthy relatives in Philadelphia, and one of them, a generous old bachelor, sent Mary one summer an elegant gold chain, with a diamond clasp, of exquisite workmanship, and great value. I do not know precisely the amount in dollars, but it was some hundreds, and these were speedily magnified into thousands by the astonished natives, whose eyes had never beheld so rich a spectacle.

Mary Merton was accordingly the toast in all the country round—the golden chain evidently added wonderfully to her charms; she was courted by every body, and had her choice among the beaux.—She married. The chain adorned her neck at the wedding; and the bridegroom looked most lovingly on her and on the bright folds of that gay ornament alternately, "and smiled and looked, and smiled and looked again." For a time she wore it in every party, and was the envy of her less fortunate companions, and although when the first wonder wore away they ridiculed it a little, and remarked that Mary's wedding and outfit was only ten times more costly to her father than it would have been had she never seen the chain, that it made fine clothes necessary to correspond with it, &c., yet it was easily seen that the young married couple bore themselves more stately, and with more *self* complacency than was usual, on its account, and the young bride even showed some symptoms of superior importance towards her husband, and these proved that she did not regard what others might say or think.

Time passed away; the young people began the world genteely—but things did not prosper well. The mistress of such a golden chain could not descend to the entire level of usefulness and industry in family matters. The husband became infected with sundry notions of gentility, not altogether compatible with his circumstances. The chain became a sinking fund. It brought one expense after another, and yielded no profit—for it was a present and could not be sold—and it turned out in the end a ruinous affair. One of the last recollections associated with Mary and her partner, is the sale of the golden chain, by the constable, for a store debt, containing many an item of silk and satin and all the etceteras of extravagance. They left the country soon after, in poverty and mortification.

The story is short and leaves the greater room for improvement. Whenever I see a poor person wrapped up in family pride, and holding his head, full of notions of quality, in lofty idleness, above the common class, I cannot help thinking of the golden chain, and the consequences that grew out of its possession.

When I see a young lady, remarkably handsome, or accomplished, and priding herself on the one or the other, I fear the lad who catches her will catch a golden chain into the bargain.

It is somewhat questionable, whether, under any circumstances, a life of idleness is an innocent life. He who is not engaged in some useful employment, cannot certainly fulfil the duty every one owes to society and his maker. No elevation, no wealth, no rank, can be disgraced by labor. So the great Cincinnatus thought. A mistake has in our days crept into society, viz: Industry is considered disgraceful, and Idleness honorable—the reverse is the motto of wisdom.

OLIVER OAKWOOD.

The Duration of Animal Life.

As all knowledge is obtained through the medium of experience, so is all happiness from attending to the laws of nature. The Creator has bestowed on man faculties to observe phenomena, to trace cause and effect; and he has constituted the external world to afford scope to these powers. Every living being has its use, and its powers are limited, as well as the duration of its life. Man obviously stands pre-eminent among the sublunary objects, and is distinguished by remarkable endowments above all other terrestrial beings, and from divine authority we know that the extent of his days are numbered at three score years and ten. That this period is not definite, every day's experience proves, but beyond that average, we know that both the powers of the body and the mind become enfeebled and require repose. The same remark applies to the inferior animals, whose days are numbered according to the purposes for which they were designed. That every thing was created for the use, and to be under the dominion of man, is quite evident; but why the length of life allotted to one animal should be a day, and another sixty, seventy, or even a hundred years, is not quite so intelligible to the finite capacity of man. We measure time by the revolving of the earth on its axis, and by its course round the sun; but if time be measured by the duration of life, animals must have perceptions and faculties not understood; for it is quite evident that a moment to one creature is equal to years to another; why this should be, no doubt is wisely kept from our view. It is, however, curious to observe the difference of the average existence between animals with which we are familiar, and whose powers and habits are well known. The following table will show the average duration of animal life:—The horse lives from 8 to 32 years, ox 20, bull 15, cow 23, ass 33, mule 18, sheep 10, ram 15, dog from 14 to 25, swine 25, goat 8, cat 10, pigeon 8, dove 25, goose 28, parrots from 30 to 109, raven 100, turtles and tortoises 50 to 100.

Amongst the mysteries of nature are the links that bear up the chain of existence, which in many instances are so minute as to be imperceptible to human sight; and yet we know it is ordained that one is called into existence at the expense of another, and that every thing is adapted to the climate that gave it birth. Some are brought into life with the sun, and die at its decline; others live perhaps for a few days or weeks only, and yet they must all obey the laws of nature, which bids all to eat and be eaten in their turn; each fulfils its destined office to check excess in the progress of life, and maintain the balance of creation.

Tar for Sheep.

A GENTLEMAN who keeps a large flock of sheep, assures us that during the season of grazing, he gives his sheep tar at the rate of a gill a day to every twenty sheep. He puts the tar in troughs, sprinkles a little fine salt over it, and the sheep consume it eagerly. This preserves them from worms in the head, promotes their general growth, and is supposed to be a specific against the rot.—*N. Y. Farm.*

To keep Flies from troubling Horses.

RUB oil (tanner's oil is the best) over the parts of horses most exposed to annoyance from flies, and they are perfectly protected against their tormentors. The merciful man is merciful to his beast, and he who will not guard his horse against flies, deserves to be fly-blown himself.—*N. Y. Farm.*

Twenty-two Reasons

Why the Farmers of the United States should raise Mulberry Trees and Silk.

"1. BECAUSE it is a very certain crop.

"2. Because silk is as easy raised as wheat, and much less laborious.

"3. Because raw silk, or cocoons, will command cash in the market, and at a handsome profit to the producer.

"4. Because a pound of silk can be raised to a much greater profit than a pound of wool.

"5. Because three pounds of silk can be produced from the same land that would produce one pound of wool.

"6. Because one pound of raw silk will sell for six dollars, and one pound of wool for fifty cents.

"7. Because the labor of raising silk is performed in six weeks, while the labor of taking care of sheep, and providing them with food, lasts all the year.

"8. Because the labor may be performed by children, or feeble persons, whose services would be worth very little for any other purpose.

"9. Because there can be considerable quantities raised, without materially diminishing the other products of the farm.

"10. Because the climate and soil are as well, if not better, adapted to the growth of the mulberry and the production of silk, than any part of Europe.

"11. Because there is no probability, and scarcely a possibility, of the business being overdone.

"12. Because mulberry trees are easier raised than almost any other tree.

"13. Because the timber of the mulberry tree is worth as much as locust, for building ships, fences, or any other purpose.

"14. Because large mulberry trees injure the crops growing under them, less than almost any other tree.

"15. Because mulberry leaves, when green, are greedily eaten by cattle, hogs, and sheep; when cured like grass to make hay, are an excellent food for cattle and sheep.

"16. Because land cultivated with mulberry trees, and the litter from the worms spread upon it, would be impoverished less than if cultivated with almost any other crop.

"17. Because it will cost no more to transport a pound of silk to market, that will sell for six dollars, than it would to transport a pound of bread stuff, that would sell for six cents.

"18. Because the small sum of five dollars, or even one, expended in purchasing mulberry seeds and cuttings, with a little care in cultivation for a few years, will enable a farmer to produce considerable quantities of silk.

"19. Because the eggs can be kept in an ice house until the middle or last of the seventh month, (July,) and then the worms can be hatched and fed after the busy season of mowing or harvest is over.

"20. Because the man, with a little land, who has a family, can increase his mulberry trees and keep his family employed at home, without the risk of sending them abroad for employment, where they would be liable to have their morals corrupted.

"21. Because it would relieve the nation from paying millions of dollars annually, to other nations, for silk.

"22. Because there are twenty or twenty-five silk manufactories already established, several of which have been stopped, waiting for the importations of raw silk."—*Dennis's Silk Manual.*

American Forest Trees.

If this country has been highly distinguished in any respect by the bounty of nature, it is in the number and variety of its trees. If we were compelled to describe the territory of the U. States in a few words, we could not do it more philosophically than in the language of Volney, who represents it as one vast forest, diversified by occasional cultivated intervals. With the exception of some of the prairies of the Valley of the Mississippi, we are not aware that there is any considerable section within our present States, which was originally destitute of wood. Beyond the immediate vicinity of our large towns, we find every stream thickly shaded by overhanging branches, and every mountain, with the exception of a few of the highest, covered with a leafy screen of all varieties of shade, from its bas to its summit.

The progress of population and of improvement, astonishing as it has been, has been insufficient to efface to any degree this distinguishing feature of American scenery; and the striking picture, drawn by one of our own poets, of the native aspect of the country, has not yet lost its general resemblance.

"Then all this youthful paradise around,
And all the broad and boundless mainland lay
Cooled by the interminable wood, that frowned
O'er mount and vale, where never summer ray
Glanced, till the strong tornado broke its way
Through the gray giants of the sylvan wild;

Yet many a sheltered glade, with blossoms gay
Beneath the showering sky and sunshine mild,
Within the shaggy arms of that dark forest smiled."

The extent of our woods is not more remarkable, than the various kinds of trees which compose them. It is stated by Michaux, that in the United States there are one hundred and forty species of forest trees, which attain to a greater height than thirty feet, while in France there are only eighteen of the same description. Of the solid advantages which we derive from this abundant variety, we shall say nothing at present. It needs only a cursory glance, to perceive how much it enhances the beauty of our natural scenery. "I was never tired," says an intelligent English traveler, "of the forest scenery of America, although I passed through it from day to day. The endless diversity of foliage always prevents it from being monotonous." The variety of shape and tints in their green foliage is not, however, the chief distinction of our woods over those of the old world. They surpass them far more in the rich and varied hues of their autumnal leaves. This, if not the most striking, is certainly the most unique feature of an American landscape. What natural scenery can surpass in beauty that presented by one of our forests to our view, in one of the brilliant and serene afternoons of our Indian summer, when the trees are clothed with a tapestry of the richest gold and purple and scarlet; resembling and almost rivalling the most gorgeous hues of our autumnal sunsets!

It is not the mere variety of coloring, which is the peculiar characteristic of our fading leaves. This variety exists also in European woods, though to a less extent; for, as has been already stated, their catalogue of forest trees is far more scanty than ours. But their leaves, in divesting themselves of their summer green, lay aside also all their brilliancy, and assume a complexion proverbially dull and faded. It is a peculiarity, on the contrary, of many of our forest trees, that their leaves, in changing their hue, lose little or nothing of their brightness, and that their autumnal dress is not only far richer, but scarcely less lively, than their freshest June liveries.

This circumstance is generally ascribed to some peculiarity in our climate, and especially to the manner in which the cold weather makes its first approaches. But this manner varies almost every year, and yet our trees exhibit annually the same splendid changes. For this, as well as for other reasons, we are inclined to think that the peculiarity is not in the climate, but in the trees themselves, and that it is one of those shades of difference, which distinguish in almost every instance the plants of America from their kindred species in the old world. A transplanted American maple, for instance, would probably undergo the same splendid transmutations in an English park as in its native forest. This supposition has been formed on much consideration, and is besides sanctioned by the opinion of an eminent English botanist, who has resided in this country for several years.

We have observed that scarcely any considerable portion of this country is entirely devoid of magnificent forest trees. But whatever striking instances of the truth of this remark we may find in New England, and more especially in Vermont and Maine, it must be admitted that he who would behold sylvan scenery on its most magnificent scale, should cross the Alleghanies, and visit the great Valley of the Mississippi. Here he will find vast tracts, into which the axe of the woodman has never penetrated. These are covered with a coat of the richest vegetable mould, exceeding in many places the depth of our richest soils. We find accordingly a luxuriance of vegetation, to which nothing in our own State affords a parallel. It is true that with us there is here and there a gigantic elm or buttonwood, which might take rank with the noblest specimens of western growth. But in traveling Kentucky or Indiana, we find trees every step, of six or seven feet in diameter; so that most of our

woods, compared as a whole with theirs, seem to be but as the product of yesterday. Every plant appears to partake of this gigantic character. Thus the wild grape vine, which with us rarely grows larger than a stout walking-stick, in our Western States sometimes surpasses in diameter the body of a full-grown man. This fact we have verified by actual admeasurement.

The majesty of our western forests is not a little increased by the circumstance that they are generally free from under-growth. The banks of the upper Mississippi especially, are covered with trees of the largest size, shooting up to a lofty height from the smooth levels or gentle swells of the green prairies beneath, like the oaks in the finest parks of England. So tastefully are these trees grouped by the hand of nature, and so entirely clear is the green prairie grass from undergrowth, that the spectator can hardly avoid imagining, that he is looking not at a new country, but at one which was once peopled by a highly-cultivated community, who have been long since swept away with every vestige of their wealth and refinement, except their stately groves & verdant lawns.

We have thus far spoken of our forests merely as a predominant and magnificent feature of American scenery. But it is scarcely necessary to say, that they have other claims to our attention, of a far more solid character. It is to our forests that we have been indebted for two hundred years for our fuel and shelter. How much of the progress of New England at least, since its first settlement by our forefathers, has been owing to the liberality of Nature in this particular! Whatever were the calamities, in other respects, of those much-enduring men, they were at least exempted from the extreme and probably fatal suffering, to which they would have been subjected in a thinly-wooded region. Had the aborigines possessed that determined and unsparing hostility to large trees, which seems to have actuated many of their successors, it is probable that these northern settlements would never have had a being.—*N. A. Review.*

Report on the Grain-Worm.

THE following article on the grain-worm we cut from the Cultivator of Albany, N. Y.

The committee designated at the last State Agricultural Convention, to continue the investigation in regard to the grain-worm, report—

That since the last meeting it has been discovered, that there are two species of insects which depredate upon the wheat crop, viz. the *Cecydomia tritici* of Kirby, a yellow and apparently inert insect, not to exceed *one* eighth of an inch in length, and an unnamed creeping thing, *three* eighths of an inch long. The first, which was noticed in last year's report, preys only upon the grain in its milky state, or upon the pollen of the grain; the latter is said to prey upon the ripened grain, and to be found among it in great quantities when passed through the fanning mill. The first appeared ten to twelve years ago, near the borders of Canada, and has been extending annually since, east, west, north and south. The latter has been seen occasionally for several years, and during the last year has been found in great numbers in the wheat crops of Western New-York and Northern Pennsylvania. The former is believed to be far the most injurious. The two insects have been so confounded, in the accounts of their depredations, that it is difficult to discriminate, or to determine the extent to which each has spread among us.

In their former report upon the grain-worm the committee quoted from Kirby, the entomologist, that the insect first makes its appearance "under the form of an orange colored gnat, which introducing its long retractile ovipositor into the centre of the corolla, there deposits its eggs. These being hatched, the larvæ, perhaps by eating the pollen, prevent the impregnation of the grain, &c." and the committee added, on the authority of Prof. Low, that the progeny feed upon the young grain; that they are very small, from two to fourteen being sometimes found in one grain; and are distinguished by being of a bright orange

color; that they *do not extend beyond the grain in which they are born;* that the larvæ, after a period, fall down to the earth, in which they burrow, and remain there until the following summer when they ascend from the earth in the form of the beautiful fly, or gnat, which has been mentioned. The committee will make a further quotation in regard to the habits and depredations of the *Cecydomia tritici* from the recent edition of Loudon's Encyclopædia of Agriculture.

"The wheat-fly generally makes its appearance about the end of June; and according to the evidence of Mr. Sheriff they exist about thirty-nine days. The hue of the fly is orange, the wings transparent, and changing color according to the light in which they are viewed. It lays its eggs within the glumes of the florets, in clusters varying from two to ten, or even to fifteen, and the larvæ feed upon the grain. They are produced from eggs in the course of eight or ten days; they are first perfectly transparent, and assume a yellow color a few days afterwards; they travel not from one floret to another, and forty-seven have been numbered in one. Occasionally there are found in the same floret, larvæ and a grain which is shrivelled, as if deprived of nourishment; and although the pollen may furnish the larvæ with food in the first instance, they soon crowd around the lower part of the germen, and subsist, in all probability, on the matter destined to form the grain. Mr Gorrie estimates the loss sustained by the farming interests, in the carse of Gowry district alone, by the wheat-fly, at £20,000 in 1827; at £30,000 in 1828; and at £36,000 in 1829."

Such as above described is precisely the appearance of the fly, of its larvæ, and of its habits and depredations, that have fallen under our observation; and although your committee think it has extended as far west as the Genesee valley, they are in doubt whether it has been there identified as the wheat destroyer. So far as our observation has extended, the insect is but seldom found in the wheat ear at harvest. The chairman sowed a sample of early May wheat, received from Gen. Cock, of Virginia, late last fall, and another early this spring. He watched it daily and narrowly on its coming into head. The small fly or gnat was seen in great numbers upon it before and after sunset. The heads were filled with larvæ, hardly a kernel in fifty escaped; and yet, on gathering a bundle of the straw at maturity, there was hardly found an insect remaining in the wheat heads.

The committee are happy to be able to confirm, in a measure, the truth of the intimation given in their last report, viz. that late sown spring wheat will escape the ravages of the worm. By late sowing they mean from and after the 20th May at Albany—earlier at the south, and later at the north, according to latitude and altitude, or the forwardness of spring vegetation. They give the following in proof of the correctness of this conclusion.

All wheat sown before the tenth of May, that came under their observation last summer, was more or less injured by the worm. All that was sown after the 20th of May escaped its ravages. Of that which was sown between the 10th and the 20th, some escaped injury, and some was considerably injured.—One of the committee sowed Italian and tea wheat on the 16th. The fly was seen upon it for a few days after it came into head; though no material injury to the crop was perceptible.

An excellent and observing farmer in Wallingford, Vt. nearly 100 miles north of Albany, sowed parcels severally on the 25th of April, on the 19th and on the 25th May. The first sown was virtually destroyed by the worm; the second partially so; while that sown on the 25th May entirely escaped, and was a full crop.

The committee will close their report by quoting from a letter to one of them, from an intelligent Scotch farmer, Mr. Robert Forsyth, residing at Champlain, the most northern town in our state, who seems to be an accurately observing man.

"1833. Sowed my wheat the 7th of April, the first season the worm was discovered in this part.

"1834. Sowed on the 15th April. The worm destroyed more than they did last year.

"1835. Sowed the 7th May. Wheat all destroyed by the worm. Some farmers in the neighborhood burnt their straw on the ground. Reserved an acre and a half, which I did not sow till the 24th of May; which gave a good crop —no worms.

"1836 and 1837. Sowed both years on the 24th of May—no worms.

"1838. Sowed on the 14th and 15th of May. A few worms observed. All wheat that I examined this season, had worms, less or more, in it, some half destroyed. Since 1833 I have examined every patch of wheat in the neighborhood, and some in the adjoining towns, and every patch sown before the 18th May had more or less worms—all sown about the 1st of May, very much destroyed. I have found the same worm in barley, oats and rye, and in herdsgrass (timothy) also.

"In June, 1834, as the ear began to form in the blade, I opened a number every day. I began to do so on a Monday, but I did not note the day of the month, which I think is of no consequence.

"For the first seven days, I could observe nothing in the heads prognosticating the worm.

"Monday the 8th day of observation. The ears nearly all out of the blade—observed nothing.

"Tuesday and Wednesday—nothing.

"Thursday. I thought I observed something like a small speck of fluid matter on some of the grains in the ear.

"Friday. The matter was more visible.

"Saturday. It was very plain to be seen.

"Sabbath day. Appeared yellow, but still a fluid matter.

"Monday. Appearance much as yesterday.

"Tuesday. The matter appeared more thick—color yellow.

"Wednesday. It appeared like worms, but not very plain.

"Thursday. Perfect worms as I have ever seen since. I counted nine in one grain, and seventy in one ear."

Mr. Forsyth concludes his letter by saying, that the worm falls from the ear to the ground, and comes forth next season a fly, as he never could find any of the worms in the ear after the wheat was ripe. J. Buel, *Chairman.*

Mr. Jefferson's Ten Rules of Life.

The following rules of life were given by Mr. Jefferson in a letter of advice to his namesake, Thomas Jefferson Smith, in the year 1825.

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble others for that you can do yourself.
3. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
4. Never spend your money before you have it.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have those evils cost us which never happened.
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak, and if you are very angry count a hundred.

Directions for making Sweetmeats and Jellies.

In preparing sugar for sweetmeats, let it be entirely dissolved before you put it on the fire. If you dissolve it in water, allow about half a pint of water to a pound of sugar. If you boil the sugar before you add the fruit to it, it will be improved in clearness by passing it through a flannel bag. Skim off the brown scum, all the time it is boiling. If sweetmeats are *boiled too long*, they will lose their flavor and become a dark color. If *boiled too short a time*, they will not keep well. You may ascertain when jelly is done, by dropping a small spoonful in a glass of water. If it spreads and mixes with the water, it requires more boiling. If it

sinks in a lump to the bottom, it is sufficiently done. This trial must be made after the jelly is cold. Raspberry jelly requires more boiling than any other sort—black currant jelly less. Keep your jellies, &c. in glass jars, or in those of white queensware.

To make Currant Jelly.—Pick your currants very carefully, and if it be necessary to wash them, be sure they are thoroughly drained. Place them in a stone jar, well covered, in a pot of boiling water. When cooked soft, strain them through a coarse cloth, add one pound of fine Havana sugar to each pound of jelly put into a jar, and cover as above. Or you may break your currants with a pestle and squeeze them through a cloth. Put a pint of clean sugar to a pint of juice, and boil it very slowly till it becomes ropy.

This is an excellent article, especially in sickness, and no family need or ought to be without a supply.

Cherry Jam.—To twelve pounds of Kentish or duke cherries, when ripe, weigh one pound of sugar; break the stones of part and blanch them; then put them to the fruit and sugar, and boil all gently till the jam comes clear from the pan. Pour it into China plates to come up dry to table. Keep in boxes with white paper between.

Currant Jam, black, red or white.—Let the fruit be very ripe, pick it clean from the stalks, bruise it, and to every pound put three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar; stir it well and boil half an hour.

To preserve Raspberries.—Pick your raspberries in a dry day, just before they are fully ripe; lay them on a dish, beat and sift their weight of fine sugar, and strew it over them. To every quart of raspberries, take a quart of red currant jelly, and put to it its weight of fine sugar; boil and skim it well, then put in your raspberries, and give them a scald. Take them off and let them stand over two hours; then set them on again, and scald till they look clear.

Grape Jelly.—Pick the grapes from the stems, wash and drain them. Mash them with a spoon. Put them in the preserving kettle and cover them with a large plate; boil them ten minutes; then pour them into your jelly bag and squeeze out the juice. Allow a pint of juice to a pound of sugar. Put the sugar and juice into the kettle, and boil twenty minutes, skimming them well. Fill your glasses while the jelly is warm, and tie them up with papers dipped in brandy.

To dry Cherries.—To every five pounds of cherries, stoned, weigh one of sugar double-refined. Put the fruit into a preserving pan with very little water, make both scalding hot; take the fruit out and immediately dry them; put them into a pan again, strewing the sugar between each layer of cherries; let it stand to melt; then set the pan on the fire, and make it scalding hot as before; take it off, and repeat this thrice with the sugar. Drain them from the syrup, and lay them singly to dry on dishes in the sun or on the stove.—When dry, put them into a sieve, dip it into a pan of cold water, and draw it instantly out again, and pour them on a fine soft cloth; dry them, and set them once more in the hot sun, or on a stove. Keep them in a box with layers of white paper in a dry place. This way is the best to give plumpness to the fruit, as well as color and flavor.

Peach Jelly.—Wipe the wool well off your peaches, which should be free stones and not too ripe, and cut them in quarters. Crack the stones and break the kernels small. Put the peaches and kernels into a covered jar, set them in boiling water, and let them boil till they are soft.—Strain them through a jelly bag until all the juice is squeezed out. Allow a pint of loaf sugar to a pint of juice. Put the sugar and juice into a preserving kettle, and boil them twenty minutes, skimming very carefully. Put the jelly warm into glasses, and when cold tie them up with brandied papers. [Plum and green-grape jelly may be made in the same manner with the kernels, which greatly improve the flavor.]

Did universal charity prevail, earth would be a heaven, and hell a fable.

A Caution.

The Richmond Whig contains the following caution from James M. Garnett, Esq. to his "fellow sufferers in the Morus Multicaulis speculation."—Writing under date of the 16th inst. Mr. Garnett says: "If it be not too late, I will caution all such against digging up those parts of their grounds wherein they have supposed their cuttings to be dead. This caution I take the liberty to offer, because, so late as yesterday, while some of my negroes were hoeing the plants already growing, I found my cuttings just putting out both roots and buds—although, to judge by the surface of the land, all were dead that did not appear above ground."

Sting of a Bee.

Common salt is a remedy for the sting of a bee—the skin must be moistened and the salt laid on it. If in the throat try a gargle of salt water.

Mode of Destroying Pea Bugs, &c.

North Mansfield, Feb. 14th, 1839.

J. Buel—Dear Sir—For about ten years, I have directed my attention specially to the cultivation of select kinds of the garden pea, *for seed*. By care, and the selection of the purest and ripest seed from year to year, the quality of the seed became greatly improved; and practice enabled me to ascertain the most successful mode of cultivation.—My garden contains one acre; upon one fourth part of this, I have raised in different years from four to seven bushels of pure seed, in value from five to six dollars per bushel.

I have frequently seen it stated, that *worm eaten* peas were not materially injured for seed; but I have proved by experiment, that they are of little value. Such of them as vegetate are of feeble growth, and a very considerable proportion will not germinate at all.

As soon as my seed is *well ripened*, I put it in large jugs, of any convenient size, well corked and sealed. The egg of the insect, within the pea, is at this time in such a state as not to injure the seed, and not being able to change its form, or to grow *without air*, the seed remains until needed for use, entirely without injury. Seed of this kind is of more than double value, compared with that ordinarily sold; and by repeatedly sowing such seed, *the ravages of the pea bug*, I suppose, may be in a great measure prevented. Families should be careful to reserve their *earliest and best seed*, and as soon as it is perfectly mature, seal it in bottles. If the seed is not *dead ripe*, the matchless and some other delicate varieties, will to an extent fail of coming up; and any consi derable delay in bottling will allow the bug time to commence his work.

My principal object in writing to you, is to name a disease, which in this region, for a few years past, has seriously affected the culture of the garden pea: how far the field pea has suffered from the same cause, I am unable to state; though there is evidence, in some cases, of a new form of blight.

About four years ago, I observed that the plants in a few distinct places in my beds, began, after two or three weeks' growth, to appear sickly and gradually to turn yellow. I examined the roots, but could perceive no evidence of any insect. From that time to this, the disease has extended, till the profit of culture is destroyed. I first heard complaints on this subject in dry gardens, perhaps six or eight years ago, and attributed the evil to the quality of the manure, but am now convinced, that the cause was the same from which the gardens in Connecticut are extensively suffering.

The following facts I have ascertained relative to the disease mentioned.

1. It appears in places widely remote from each other, and in instances in which the seed is obtained from different sources.

2. Dry soils, which ordinarily are best adapted to the cultivation of the early pea, suffer most; and heating manures cannot be used in such soils.

3. The early pea is most subject to the disease; but even the hardy garden marrowfat, is often diminished in its products one half. Many plants prematurely turn yellow and some entirely die.

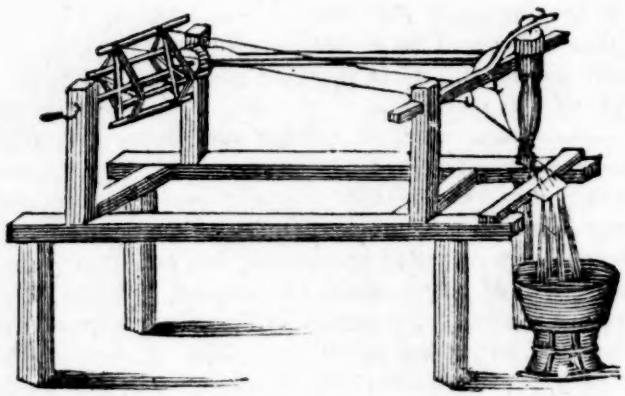
4. Ground planted with the pea for successive years, bears the most decisive marks of the disease; but change of soil does not entirely remove the evil.

This calamity, if it should extend, will be very serious. It has nearly ruined the profits of my garden, the last four years. I design to apply remedies the ensuing season, and shall employ *salt*, first of all. If you can communicate any facts with reference to the disease, or its remedies, you doubtless will oblige very many.

I will only add, that a disease, *something similar*, has in a few instances affected whole fields of maize, without any appearance of insects at the root, as I have myself observed. A few spots upon the leaves were the first indications of disease, while the plants were from one to two feet in height; and soon the whole field changed its color to a sickly yellow, and scarcely any product was obtained, though the plants reached about their usual size. A neighbor pointed out this disease in a field of mine, two years ago, and his predictions of the result were more than realized.

Gulielmus Clericus.

—*Cultivator.*



The Piedmontese Reel.

The above beautiful cut we take from the Practical Farmer and Gardener, by E. J. Hooper, a work to which we have before alluded in commendatory terms, and which we would recommend to the attention of farmers generally.

The importance of a proper reel for general use in the United States, has already been set forth in this Journal; it is, however, deemed proper to recur to the subject for the purpose of pointing out the evils caused by variations in the proportions of the several parts, that they may be guarded against. There is a Piedmontese reel now in the Journal office, made by an excellent mechanic in Philadelphia, many years ago, from the imported reel. On trying it, it was found not to work right, and on measuring the circumference of the reel, and counting the cogs on each wheel, it was found that the former was eleven inches too large, and that one of the wheels was deficient one cog. The reel was reduced in its circumference to the proper size, (six feet eleven inches) and another cog wheel was made with the requisite number of cogs, when the reel operated in the most perfect manner, as described in the Italian books This circumstance has been detailed for the purpose of showing the important effect of a very small variation in any part of this most excellent machine;

and, as it is just as easy to make it exactly right, as it is to deviate in any particular, all persons who make them are advised to be very particular in doing so. Purchasers are also advised to examine the reel well before purchasing. The second number of this Journal contains a description, with a very good drawing of the reel and its various parts; but those of most consequence will now be repeated. The circumference of the reel must be six feet eleven inches.—The cog wheel on the end of the axle must have twenty-two cogs or teeth; the wheel on the end of the shaft that works in the axle wheel must have twenty-five teeth; the wheel on the other end of the shaft must have twenty-two teeth, and that on the top of the post on which the end of the carrier is fastened must have thirty-five teeth.—The effect of this arrangement of the wheels is such, that the reel is turned thirty-nine times before the thread returns again exactly to the position on the bars of the reel that it occupied at starting. The reel makes thirty-nine revolutions while the traversing bar moves out and back twenty-two times exactly. When the reel was first received at the office, it made only seven revolutions while the traversing bar passed out and back five times, and the consequence was that the skein of thread laid upon the bars in several divisions, piled up on five or six different places. Since the alteration, or rather the correction, it distributes the thread equally and beautifully over the whole space occupied by the skein. We observe that the above movement of seven revolutions to five of the bar, is generally considered the correct one; but it is clearly erroneous, as will appear to any one on an examination of the corrected reel—the true movement is as before stated, thirty-nine revolutions to twenty-two movements of the bar.

The exactness of the circumference of the reel is also of importance. If it be more or less than six feet eleven inches, the regular distribution of the thread will be prevented, unless the number of cogs in all the wheels is varied in exact proportion. But it is of importance that the circumference of the reel should be in all cases six feet eleven inches in another point of view, viz: that the skeins of silk may be uniform throughout the whole country. It is not pretended that any other size would not do just as well as six feet eleven inches, the other proportions being varied accordingly, but that, as that is the size of the Piedmontese reel, and the size of the skeins of silk reeled in Piedmont, and all the manufacturers are acquainted with that size, we may as well adopt that as any other; and more especially as it will save us the trouble of calculating the necessary variations of all the other parts. The reel above mentioned will be kept at the office of the Journal, as a pattern for the inspection of all persons.—*Journal of the A. Silk Society.*

From the N. E. Farmer.

The Utility of Gardens.

To most farmers the idea of a good garden is synonymous with something quite beyond their reach—perhaps we "may as well out with it" and say, something quite beneath their notice. They "like to see them," (though we have once heard a farmer, or rather an apology for one, say he had rather see a hill of potatoes in a field than a garden of choice vegetables, fine fruits and gaudy flowers, which he had just been viewing: poor man—we pitied him;) but then they require so much labor, such small work too, fit only for women and children; they have no time for it; and then after all, they do not seem to amount to much. Such are the common remarks of farmers with regard to gardens, those emblems of the residence appointed to man in the state of his purity, and the types of what the productive parts of the earth may, probably will be, when man retraces the path which his sinning parents took, when "with wandering steps and slow," they took their last journey from the home which their Creator had fitted up for their permanent enjoyment. But to the remarks. They like to see them, and we have in many instances seen their approbation manifested by a rude trampling upon and breaking down without

leave or mercy, of many of the choicest products of a garden—plants which had required much labor in rearing and promised much pleasure in enjoyment. A horrid species of affection to be sure; but we had rather sometimes see this manifested in a small degree than to see an individual pass one of these beautiful repositories of nature and art, blended in sweet communion, with sheer indifference; for while man notices, even if his notice is marked by a shade of savage ferocity, there is hope that he may improve. But these remarks apply not to all. We allow there are many who do like to see them, and some who like to have them so near their dwellings as to see them at any time. "They require so much labor." Whatever renders life delightful, "all is the gift of industry." We are fully aware that a garden in order to show well—(this world is made up of shows, many of them useless indeed)—and to produce well, requires much labor, and so does any other object worth possessing. All however, who know anything of the comfort and luxury that a garden can be made to produce, will join me in the assertion, that in all the divisions of the farmer's labor, there is none which yields him a greater return than this; not in our inland towns a return estimated by dollars and cents, it may be, but of substantial comforts and healthful luxuries, of objects to charm the eye and please the soul, as well as to satisfy the cravings of the mortal man. What noble achievements to be gained by one's own labor!

For man, proud, aspiring man, it may indeed be small business to labor in a garden, but it was not beneath his Maker to create one, and adorn it with all that was pleasant to the sight and good for food, nor is he now regardless of the smallest of all his works, however despicable they may appear in human eyes.

That the labors of a garden do not amount to much, is a supposition worthy only of those who have never enjoyed its benefits. But why do we see the attention (small compared with what it should be) paid to gardens, which is done in most of our villages? Simply because the quantity of land appropriated to such family is necessarily small, and that they wish to make the most of it—or is it rather, the inhabitants of such places appreciate the luxuries that a garden affords more fully than the farmer? Something of both may be the case, and if both or either make it an object in town, it surely may be one in the country, at least so far as is necessary for family consumption, and if a want of time is an apology for the farmer, it surely might be with the merchant and mechanic, with their thousand customers at their heels. But the excuse is good no where. Every man has, or may have, if his time is properly apportioned, an ample supply for the garden, inasmuch as it is a repository into which all the odd ends and loose change of time may be profitably thrown. The great difference is, that application to business is a part of the education of the mechanic or merchant, while too many farmers are brought up to indulge in many an idle half hour, which is often sadly spent in discussing the qualities of an enviable neighbor, or indulging in a favorite sport, which savors of cruelty. Solomon says, "there is time for every purpose," and we have no doubt but it extends to making and tending gardens, for we have the assurance that he spake of all plants from the humble hyssop to the cedar of Lebanon, also that he dug pools of water, and planted orchards and vineyards.

We are established in the opinion, and our experience fully confirms it, that a garden is absolutely necessary to the completion of a farm establishment, and that where good farming does actually exist, many of the choice productions of the earth must be lost unless removed to the garden. Take for instance the strawberry. It is usually found in old worn out fields—very seldom in those highly cultivated. Is it economy for the farmer to let his meadow or pasture depreciate in order to furnish him with fruit? Is it desirable that his family should be denied the healthful luxury it affords simply because it will not grow in his fields? We think not. The garden is its appropriate place, and there it should be

cultivated. We have tried it, and we find that including the amount of labor of cultivating with gathering in the garden, the cost is less than that of gathering in the fields, while in the former case we know where we are sure of a supply, and in the latter all is uncertainty, for on arriving at the field you may find that your neighbor's boys, who have no time to spend in the garden, have preceded you and robbed you of your spoil, though they actually had no business to do so. Here then you are saved the vexation of a disappointment, which is calculated to give you no very kind feelings toward your surrounders, and the excitability which the sight of your trampled meadow or famished pasture is calculated to inspire.

Strawberries which grow in gardens under the hand of culture, are larger and frequently of more delicious flavor than those grown in fields, and besides, the appearance of a strawberry bed is very pleasant, laid out in beautiful rows and decorated with its chaste white flowers, or its fragrant fruit giving a balmy softness to the air around. The same remark applies to the raspberry and bramble.—They have no business in the corners of fences, or along the walls and around old stumps, extracting from the richest soils their fertility, and where the same vexations attend their procurement as do that of strawberries. They should be aliens in the farmer's fields and citizens at home in his garden, where they should "enjoy all the rights and immunities" that cultivation offers. Their presence will beautify the garden—their absence ornament the meadow. But our native fruits and plants should not usurp this peaceful, quiet domain. The productions of other countries should be brought in to dispense their share of beauty to the beholder and comfort to the consumer. In short, the garden should be a sort of cabinet, where the valuable and curious productions of all climes should be arranged in order, according to their rank and in classes according to their diversity: and ye should talk of them to your children when ye walk among them, when ye sit down and when ye rise up. Let a portion of the garden be appropriated to each of your sons and daughters; this will excite in them a laudable ambition to excel in a good work—will furnish them an agreeable and healthful employment—will encourage them to be useful in raising the richest fruits and choicest flowers, will encourage a love of nature, and we verily believe at the same time, a hatred of vice; for vice appears to us an unnatural thing,—will kindle in their souls more ardent attachments to each other, will inspire a love of home, the place where the habits are to be formed and the principles are to be sown and take root and spring upward, which are to actuate them in after years, and then may be disseminated to all around them. When the home whence they originated may be far away, what kind associations will be awakened by the memory of their early days thus spent with their dearest and best friends? When the eye grows dim, what a halo of light will reflect upon it, when it looks back to these early scenes of virtuous employment.

Farmers, who of you will improve your premises and your families by improving your gardens? Some must begin, or by the mass it will never be completed. The world will never rise *en masse* for its own improvement.—Whatever is done must be commenced by individual effort, and the example of individuals and their success will accomplish the object. But success does not always immediately crown our efforts. Perseverance is its harbinger, and in no pursuit is perseverance more necessary than in the culture of the earth, particularly the garden. Be not discouraged then, if in your first humble essayings you meet with failures, but go cheerfully on, and in due time you will reap the reward of all your labors, "if ye faint not." W. B.

Mt. Osceola, July 16, 1839.

Dean Swift says he never knew a man to rise to eminence, who lay in bed of a morning; and Dr. Franklin, in his particular manner says, 'he who rises late may trot all day, but never overtakes his business.'

Dignity of Labor.

How often do we see the starched dandy or would-be *literatur* speaking contemptuously of the laborer, although some of the most illustrious men have followed the plough or lived gaugers. Does God hold the laborer in light esteem? He placed the first human being —whose soul had as yet been undefiled by sin, whose frame was uninjured by crime, whose intellect was free from error—in a garden, which he was commanded to *cultivate*. Aye! and he to whom angels ministered—whose Godhead was veiled in flesh, whose parent was Controller of suns and creation's destiny—lived for years a carpenter.

He who despises the mechanic or agriculturist, is a blasphemer of the Almighty himself, who is the great Mechanic and Agriculturist, forever framing, in the mighty laboratory of Nature, suns and stars, and dressing the earth and perhaps millions of planets in the green mantles of vegetation.—*Red River Patriot.*

Simple remedy for Dust in the Eye.

Most persons suppose the pain arising from getting foreign substances into the eye, is owing to the delicacy of that organ. This is, however, a mistake, which any one can ascertain by rubbing his fingers over any part of the ball. Indeed, surgeons say that operations on the eye are performed with far less pain than many other parts of the body. But the *inner* membrane of the lid is susceptible, as all have experienced when any substance is pressed between it and the ball, the sensation is extremely painful. If any one in that situation will take hold of the eyelid and pull it over one or more times, the substance will roll from under it and the pain instantly cease. This is a common remedy among masons.

Hoeing Corn late will frequently protect it from Frost.

Mr. Editor,—If an individual has, by a simple experiment, or long experience, discovered any thing of practical utility, calculated to benefit his fellow men, and the community, I hold that it is his bounden *duty*, as well as his privilege to communicate such facts, that others may participate with him in the blessing; and more especially when such knowledge can be imparted and not operate in the least degree prejudicial to himself.

I have been a cultivator of the soil from my youth, and for thirty years never failed in a crop of ripe corn.

My method has been, when, in the fall there are indications of frost and my corn in danger of not being ripe, I muster my hands and commence stirring the earth about one inch deep, with our hoes, having learned that stirring the ground, and loosening its surface, would more readily cause it to absorb the rays of the sun, and produce more heat than it would if it had not been disturbed.

I once had a piece of corn, about three acres, nearly surrounded with woods, and much exposed to the frost. Before it was ripe there was every appearance of frost; and I commenced hoeing it. The sun shone clearly upon that and the following day, and the night succeeding there was a very severe frost. Early the next morning, I started out to examine its effects on my corn; the fields and fences were white, and as I went through my neighbor's corn I found it stiff and consequently dead. I entered my field, and although frost carried every thing immediately around it, my corn was not in the least injured, but was covered with a heavy dew. I obtained a good crop while my neighbor's was entirely cut off.

If you consider the above worth a place in your paper you may publish it. I. L.

West Hallowell, June, 1839.—[*Maine Cultivator.*

This *is* "worth a place," and there is practical philosophy for the reason of it. Stirring the earth opens the pores; the consequence is, a greater collection of moisture upon the plants, which withstands frost.—*Ed. Cul.*

To Remove the Film from the Eye of an Ox.

Mr. Isaac Hamblin of Livermore, informed us the other day of an easy method of taking off the film from the eye

of an ox or other animal. If the left eye be injured, he puts a piece of fresh butter, as large as a hen's egg into the right ear, or if the right eye is injured, into the left ear. If the film is of long standing two applications may be necessary. It will remove it in a very short time. Mr. Hamblin says he has tried this remedy for more than forty years, and has never known a failure.—*Maine Farmer.*

Soap used for nourishing Flowers.

A FAIR correspondent writes us from Newton Stewart, in the following terms:—"I recently happened to gather a beautiful pansey, and when tired of admiring it, tossed the toy aside, which partly by accident fell into a box full of soapsuds. The said pansey had neither joint nor root, and you may judge of my surprise when, at the end of a day or two, I found it growing. From this time forward I watched it narrowly, and now find, after the lapse of a fortnight, a goodly plant with several buds on it. Thinking water might produce the same effect, I placed a newly-cropped pansey in an element which, pure in itself, is the medium of purity in every thing else; but it withered and died on so spare a diet. By way of confirming the first experiment I have since placed a slip of a rose tree and a pink in suds, and both are flourishing in great vigor in my dressing room. Should this accidental discovery prove useful to florists, it will afford sincere pleasure to your correspondent."

Dumfries Courier.

Radishes.

THIS root being liable to be eaten by worms, the following method of raising them is recommended in the *Farmer's Assistant:*

"Take equal quantities of buckwheat bran and fresh horse dung, and mix them well and plentifully in the soil by digging. Suddenly after this, a great fermentation will be produced, and great numbers of toad stools will spring up in forty-eight hours. Dig the ground over again, and sow the seed; and the radishes will grow with great rapidity, and be free from the attacks of insects. They will grow uncommonly large."

A Sketch.

I SAW a pale mourner stand bending over the tomb, and his tears fell fast and often. As he raised his humid eyes to heaven, he cried, 'My brother!—oh, my brother!'

A sage passed that way, and said, 'For whom dost thou mourn?'

'One,' replied he, 'whom I did not sufficiently love while living; but whose inestimable worth I now feel.'

'What wouldst thou do if he were restored to thee?'

The mourner replied, that he would never offend him by an unkind word, but take every occasion to show his friendship, if he could but come back to his fond embrace.

'Then waste not thy time in useless grief,' said the sage, 'but if thou hast friends, go and cherish the living, remembering that they will one day be dead also.'

For the Western Farmer.

Culture of the Mind.

"Mind makes the *man*—
Want of it the *fellow*."

THERE are two situations in which mankind are all found to be on a level, the *cradle* and the *grave;* in the former however, there seems to be a shade of difference, if we may allow a superior intellectual power to make the distinction. Some are evidently born with a brighter understanding and a clearer apprehension of things than others; but the difference in the human mind, after all, ordinarily speaking, is more artificial than natural; all are naturally blind, and would probably exhibit the same degree of ignorance and depravity were they to remain in the same dismal wastes of uncultivated nature. Every unimproved human intelligence may be regarded as an unexplored mine from which some bright treasure may be exhausted, some rich and enobling principles that will ornament its possessor, be of value to society, and add lustre to the moral world. And an observance of the motto heading this article is the only thing will bring out the shining

jewel. This subject, according to the following extract which we cut from an exchange paper, "has a peculiar bearing upon the agriculturist."

"The farmer possesses all the privileges, and most of the advantages, of other classes of the community; and if he will improve his mind, his influence will be as potent, and his example as salutary, as the influence and example of any other profession. The richest natural soil, will produce neither bread nor meat, without culture. The highest natural gifts of intellect will not profit the possessor, unless, like the rich soil, they are cultivated with assiduity and care. Good culture not only improves the mind, and fits it for high mental gratification and enjoyment, but it lightens the toils, and greatly increases the profits of labor. Franklin owed his fame, his fortune, and his usefulness, to his early habits of study, of industry, and of virtue. Without these early habits, he probably would have risen to neither fame nor fortune. Some minds, like some soils, are naturally richer than others; yet even apparently sterile minds, like infertile soils, may, by good culture, be made to yield great returns. Let the young farmer, then, aspire to the highest honors of the nation, by endeavoring to improve his intellectual faculties; and if he does not attain the goal of his wishes, he may be sure of greatly improving his condition and of benefitting others, provided always, that he is industrious and honest. However menial and servile agricultural labor may have been considered among the privileged classes of Europe; and however degrading it may yet be held by the would-be aristocracy of America, it has commanded the highest respect of good men in every age, and constituted in our country, the favorite study and employment of a Washington, a Jefferson, a Madison, a Monroe, and a Jackson: of an Humphrey, a Livingston, a Shelby, an Armstrong, a Lowell, a Lincoln, and a great many others, whose names will stand out in bold relief upon the future annals of our country. Let, then, no young aspirant for fame and usefulness, shun rural employment, because it does not feed his hopes of distinction, and let no one, engaged in this employment, forego the opportunity, which his condition presents, of cultivating his mind, as the surest means of sinking *the fellow*, and rising to the dignity of *the man*.

What earth-begotten passions would hold universal triumph over poor human nature, influencing the most unhappy practices, if the culture of the mind is neglected; how circumscribed and short lived would be all our intellectual pleasures!—Without this, the dark deep slumbers of moral night will never be broken up, the subterranean fires that slumber within the gloomy chambers of the mind will never flash out with radiance upon the world. A well cultivated mind is to our intellectual pleasures like an angel of mercy ministering to poor fallen humanity. A hand unerring as the needle to the pole, is stretched forth pointing us to the certain source of true honor and human greatness—exhibits the beauty and vast variety of the worlds beneath, and spreads out the grandeur and glory of the heavens above—opens a pathway to the skies and makes her dwelling among the stars. Such, like the comet in her blaze, may be your onward flight in the mighty march of mind. And your starting point may be from the obscure shades of rural life, the shepherd's tent or the poor man's hut, as well as from the splendidly decorated mansions of the rich or the great. M.

Hamilton County, 1839.

Cost of raising Sugar Beets and other Roots.

In examining an estimate of the expenses of making beet sugar in this country, many farmers will consider that the expense of raising the roots is reckoned too low; this is owing to the little attention that has been paid to root crops; and to farmers in general not being acquainted with the best and most economical method of culture, and not having machines and implements to enable them to mange the growing of root crops to advantage.

These unfavorable opinions will in a measure continue, till root culture is

more in practice, for though cases are stated of crops raised at a small expense, they will be regarded as extraordinary cases, and estimates made on paper, in which no error can be pointed out, will be looked upon as something uncertain; yet these favorable accounts will lead the enterprising and intelligent to try and see whether these things are so, and although their expectations may not always be realized, yet they will find a great advantage in attending to root culture and be led to inquire into the most frugal method of pursing it. Farmers who dig up a small patch and sow it in beets, and do not weed it till there are five hundred weeds to one plant, may find that the cost of raising a bushel of beets is one dollar, when with prudential management in raising on a large scale, ten or twelve bushels could be raised with this expense.

In raising beets and some other crops in a garden, we have managed to do the weeding before sowing, and find that it is a great saving of labor; that is, pursue that manner of culture that will destroy the weeds before the seed is sown; and the same plan may be followed in field culture, and even to greater advantage, as most of the labor can be done by animal labor, which is much cheaper than manual labor in this country, and this as has been observed in the articles lately published on the subject, will enable us to raise beets as cheap as they are raised in France.

Our method has been to put on the manure and stir up the ground in the fall or early in the spring, the former is preferable, as the frost will loosen the soil and make it mellow, and the weeds will start in the spring before the soil is dry enough to work; when the weeds were well started, we worked the ground over again. About the 20th of May the ground was well worked over, and the seed sown, after being soaked, so that it would come up in a short time; the plants were up and large enough to hoe when scarcely any weeds appeared; the hoeing was done in a short time, the soil being very light and mellow, and there was but little trouble on account of weeds through the season, they having been mostly destroyed before sowing. If this plan should be pursued in field culture it would save nearly one half of the expense. One hour's work with a horse and cultivator in stirring the earth and destroying weeds before sowing, would save several days in hoeing.

The following method of culture for a field crop, would be very economical as to weeding, which seems to be the most expensive part of cultivation. A piece of land, a deep mellow soil that has been well manured and planted one year in corn or potatoes, would be in good condition for a beet crop. If it has been ploughed more than one year there would be danger from the grub worm, which, we believe, is the principal injury from insects to which the sugar beet is liable.

A piece should be selected that can be ploughed deep, and the stones, if any, removed. If there has not been sufficient manure applied to the previous crop, apply the manure and plough the ground very deep in the fall; if it cannot be done at this season, then as early as possible in the spring. When the weeds have started, go over it with a cultivator, and in a few weeks go over it again in the same way, this will loosen and pulverize the soil and destroy the weeds. From the 20th of May to the 1st of June, let the earth be thoroughly stirred with a cultivator, or if the soil be not very loose it may be well to plough it again; then go over it with a light harrow to make the surface level and smooth, and the soil fine; be ready to sow as soon as the ground is prepared while the surface is moist, and that the plants may get the start of the weeds. Pour water, as hot as can be borne by the hand, on the seed, and let it soak a day and a half or two days, then it will vegetate and be up, and the plants will be large enough to hoe before the few weeds that are liable to grow, get up so as to be much trouble.

Sow the seed with a machine and the expense will be light. Let the rows be from two to two and a half feet apart, then a light cultivator may be used between the rows; in thinning the plants

let them stand about one foot apart. If any places are vacant from the seed not growing or the grub worms eating them, the deficiency may be supplied by transplanting; though transplanted beets do not form so handsome a root, yet they yield about as much as the other. The expense for weeding and loosening the soil will not be great. In harvesting, if the beets cannot be pulled easily, a furrow may be ploughed near each row with a horse plough, then they may be pulled with little labor. By this, or some better way if it can be devised, beets may be raised at a small expense, and as lands, and animal labor are cheaper here than in France, and as much labor can be done here by animals which is performed there by the hands, we think our advantages are equal to that of France in the cheapness of manual labor. But supposing our advantages in raising the beets are not equal as to a cheap production, we have reckoned the expense higher in the calculations we have published so as to conform to a fair estimate on all expenses. Instead of $3,20 per ton as in France, we have reckoned at $5 per ton. No calculation on the expense of raising beets or other crops can be made exactly suited to all parts of the country, as the prices of labor and land are different. Near cities and large towns, and near the seaboard, owing to good advantages for markets and communication, lands are higher, and the rent of them more of ocurse than in the interior; in such cases labor too is usually somewhat higher.

Estimated expense of an acre of Sugar Beets.

Use of an acre of land well prepared for beets and manured, or managed in the previous crop,	$12,00.
Ploughing,	4,00.
Cultivator*ing*, Horse, Cultivator and hand 2 hours,	,50.
Twice more before sowing,	1,00.
Harrowing,	,50.
Seed $2,25, sowing with a machine 75,	3,00.
First hoeing,	4,00.
Second hoeing, thinning, and transplanting to supply deficiencies,	4,00.
Hoeing again and loosening the ground with machines,	2,00.
Harvesting,	9,00.
	$40,00.

Make the rows 2 feet 4 inches apart, and then a cultivator can be used in hoeing. If the beets stand one foot apart in the rows, and weigh $2\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. each, the yield will be 20 tons. In rich ground, at that distance, a great number will weigh 4 or 5 lbs. each; twenty tons is a good crop, but not extremely large, for in some cases 25 or 30 tons to the acre have been raised in this country. At the above expense of 40 dollars to the acre with a yield of 20 tons the cost would be two dollars per ton. We make this estimate to show how cheap beets may be raised under favorable circumstances, such as good land at a fair price, convenient machinery and implements, and the most prudential management in the culture, with labor at a moderate price, and a favorable season. We have no doubt that in some parts of New England beets could be produced in great abundance at the above price; but we must not always expect a combination of favorable circumstances.

Supposing we reckon the produce only two thirds as much as above, say $13\frac{2}{3}$ tons, and the cost $32\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. more, which will be $53,33; then the cost of the beets will be only $4 per ton, one fifth less than Mr. Bosson reckoned in his calculation on the cost of beet sugar. If we reckon 50 pounds to the bushel, $13\frac{1}{2}$ tons to the acre would be only 533 bushels, which would be no more than a middling crop; not half so much as has been raised in a number of cases that have been named.—*Yankee Farmer.*

Beet Sugar.

We learn from the American Silk Grower, that the conductors of that periodical, having made themselves familiar with the process of manufacturing Sugar from the Beet, they confidently expect to produce as good and cheap sugar as that made in France. They

have five acres of beet now under cultivation, and the necessary machinery for their manufacture into sugar, in the course of preparation. Success to them. We are glad to see this important business fully tried within so short a distance of us, by gentlemen who are as likely to succeed as any others in the country.

There is now growing in this district of country, a considerable quantity of the sugar beet—many of our farmers being determined to test their value at least as food for cattle. We have not, however, heard of any preparation for the manufacture of sugar; but we trust the subject will be duly taken into consideration, and at least a theoretical knowledge of the business acquired. All it wants is a start—and having received this, the sugar manufacture will soon become sufficiently extensive to make us independent of other countries, for this necessary article of domestic comfort.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

New Machine for Husbandry.

A NEW mowing machine for grass, which, with a boy to manage it, and another to drive the horse, does the work of *six men*, and more clean, is highly praised in the Utica (N. Y.) Whig, the editor of which saw it in operation on the farm of Mr. Look in that vicinity. The editor adds:

We also noticed the operation of one of the common revolving horse-rakes, the teeth of which had been, by the direction of Mr. Look, pointed with iron; and so perfectly does it perform its work that the hand-rake is entirely superseded on his farm.

Dairy Produce.

ONE of the most incontestible proofs of the scarcity of cattle in our country, is found in the high prices of the products of the dairy. For several years past the dairy buiness has been an excellent one, but the present year promises to be more favorable than ever. In the first place there has been in most districts an abundance of pasture owing to the great amount of rain that has fallen, which has prevented their drying up; and in the second place there has been an improvement in prices, and an increased demand from the last year. We know that some dairies are this year selling off their cheese almost as it comes from the press at $8 per cwt. and sales of old cheese are made at from 10 to $12 per cwt. Many of our dairies last year averaged $30 per cow in sales of butter and cheese; and the prices of cows this year has been correspondingly high. In closing an estate a few days since, a lot of cows of the common kind was sold at auction, and brought from $35 to $48 each. It is no wonder beef is high and scarce, for when working cattle command from $90 to $120 per pair, and cows such prices as above, it is clear they are too valuable to be made into beef except at rates which, were the facts not as they are, must be considered exorbitant.—We are glad to perceive indications that the raising of cattle is receiving more attention from our farmers; there was indeed abundant need of it.—*Genesee Far.*

To Cure Wounds on Horses and Cattle.

Mr. Tucker—I become a subscriber at the commencement of the 3d volume of the weekly Farmer, and in the first No. of that volume, I found a recipe to cure wounds on horses and cattle, which alone has been worth more to me than ten years' subscription, and I think it would confer a favor on thy patrons to republish it in the present volume. SILAS GAYLORD.

Skaneateles, 7th mo. 26, 1839.

The following is the recipe alluded to, in the above note of Mr. Gaylord:

Mr. Tucker—As there are many useful recipes hidden from the public, for the sake of speculation in a small way, by many who would be thought something of in the world, I am induced to lay before the public a recipe for making KING OF OIL, so called, which perhaps excels any other for cure of wounds on horses or cattle, and which has long been kept by a few only in the dark. Feeling a desire to contribute to the good of the public, but more

especially to the farmers of Genesee, I send you the following very valuable recipe for publication:

1 oz. of Green Copperas,
2 do White Vitriol,
2 do Common Salt,
2 do Linseed Oil,
8 do West India Molasses.

Boil over a slow fire fifteen minutes in a pint of urine; when almost cold add one ounce of oil of vitriol and four ounces spirits of turpentine.

Apply it to the wound with a quill or feather, which will immediately set the sore to running, and perform a perfect cure. Yours respectfully,

Stephen Palmer.

Middlebury, Dec, 10, 1832.

From the Cultivator

Extirpation of Garlic.

Montcalm, Va., June 21st, 1839.

J. Buel, Esq.—Sir—The extirpation of wild garlic has been regarded rather as an object to be desired by the agriculturist, than one to be successfully accomplished. An experiment, made by myself, not with that view, however, will at least point out one mode by which this unpleasant plant may be destroyed. In one-third of a field of about twenty acres, it had become very thickly set. In the summer of 1836, the wheat grown on this part of the field was so filled with it, that I was induced to keep it separate from the rest, to prevent its injuring the sale of the whole. The next spring, 1837, I planted the field in corn, and in the fall, having a large number of hogs to fatten, and no time or labor to spare to gather corn for them, I turned the whole of them into this field. (This is sometimes done in this part of Virginia.) They remained here till they had nearly consumed all the corn, when they were removed into small pens and fed. I then turned all my store hogs into the field, to finish what was left, where they remained till late in December. In the mean time, as their food decreased, I commenced feeding them once, and afterwards twice a day, during the winter.—My feeder, in December, told me that they were eating the garlic. In the spring, I sowed the field in oats and clover. The oats were good; the clover was destroyed by the burning drought of last summer; thus leaving the field entirely naked. I then determined, (last fall,) although the fourth crop in succession, to sow it in wheat, which I did, and this spring in clover and timothy, a full quantity of each. Now, sir, I have in the last fortnight, repeatedly and carefully searched for the garlic, and found two stalks only, where thousands stood before. The garlic is now in full bearing, and may be easily detected.

It is manifest that this method of destroying this pest will not generally answer. But the idea may be improved on. If a farmer have but one field of corn, and garlic prevails in it, he may gather nearly the whole of it, and instead of seeding it, as is the usual practice, let him turn in all his hogs that are to be kept over to the next year, and they will soon get hold of the roots, &c. He will then put in a spring crop with grass seed. So well satisfied am I with the result in this case, that I shall pursue the same plan in respect to two other fields in which there is a good deal of garlic. It will occur to you, that the ground being light and mellow, from the recent cultivation of the corn crops, the hogs have no difficulty in finding the bulbs, which they will not attempt in a field well set in grass or stiffened with a sod, although abounding in garlic, and this for two reasons: they have a plenty to eat, and with less labor.

Yours, &c. Jas. McIlhany.

Curing Butter.

The following mode of curing butter I believe was practiced in the parish of Udney, in Great Britain. An account of it has sometime since been published in this country; it is, however, yet far from being generally known, and many to whom it is known, have not paid that attention which the importance of the thing requires, I have therefore a wish that it may appear in the Register.

Take two quarts of best common salt, one part of sugar, and one part of saltpetre, beat them up together, and blend the whole completely; take one ounce

of this composition to every sixteen ounces of butter, work it well into a mass, and close it up for use.

The above, by some, is used in this proportion—ten ounces of salt to four ounces of clean sugar.

The following is the commendation given of this practice, in the Pennsylvania Farmer:—

"The butter cured by this mixture, appears of a marrow-like consistence, and never acquires hardness nor tastes salt; it eats as sweet after being kept three years, as at first. It must be noted, that butter thus cured requires to stand three weeks or a month before it is fit to be used: if it be sooner opened the salts are not perfectly blended with it, and sometimes the coolness of the nitre will be perceived, which totally disappears afterwards."

This mixture will not cost more than one cent per ounce, which is sufficient for curing one pound of butter. Country farmers, is not this worthy of your attention? As much so as sweet butter is better and bears a higher price.—*Farmer's Register.*

The Crops.

The whole of the western farming districts are groaning with abundance. Every acre of land has been this season made to yield. Many farmers have sown grain in their orchards, yards and many by-places heretofore quite useless. Their efforts and industry, we are happy to say, will undoubtedly be crowned with unparalleled success. We think the growing grain of all kinds is sufficiently advanced to be beyond the reach of the evils which have so often befallen the crops in this section. No serious complaints are heard about the worm or fly.

We believe we are safe in asserting, that the crops of 1839 will vastly exceed, in quantity and quality, those of any year since the settlement of the country.—*Geneva, New-York, Courier.*

From the Cultivator.

Bloody Murrain.

Judge Buel—Sir—Under this head I find in your last (July) Cultivator, a piece written by A. H. F. Payne, (who appears to be a resident of the state of Missouri,) on his experience of the bloody murrain in cattle. As he appears to be unacquainted with the disease and its preventive, I am induced, from a long experience, to endeavor to throw some light upon that subject, for the benefit of those living in countries subject to that fatal disease, which I believe all new countries are subject to, while their cattle run at large through the summer season.

1. I hold that one ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

2. I have found that wood ashes given in equal parts with salt, at the usual times of giving my cattle salt, for the last twenty years, has been a certain preventive.—This is my remedy—try it, Mr. Payne.

3. The bloody murrain is occasioned by an extended and overflowing gall, affecting the liver, causing the leeches or blood-suckers therein, and the flow of blood outward or inward, and death follows. Many other prescriptions might be given for reducing the gall, but I know of nothing so handy and cheap as to mix ashes with salt. Cattle themselves apply the remedy when they can come at lye made of wood ashes.

4. As the disease prevails more in new countries than old, and vastly more with cattle that run in the woods than with those in enclosed pastures, I infer that the woods herbage induces these extended galls to a ruinous extent. As the gall is some time in accumulating, it will be some time in diminishing; by this course, therefore, no person should trust a few messes in a season, or a cure when the liver is rotten. The working ox, the milch cow, the young and the old, the fat and the lean, I have had and seen die with the murrain; but all had extended galls that I ever examined; and perhaps no country has been more afflicted with this disease than the Western Reserve, in the state of Ohio, of which I have been a resident for thirty-five years, and am a practical farmer, and have not lost a creature with the murrain for the last eighteen or twenty years. Although I have now no occa-

sion to let my cattle run in the woods, I still continue to use ashes with salt, fearing the result of neglect, having formerly lost many cattle.

I am sorry to hear that Mr. Payne is paying $5 per bushel for Baden corn, and that all a cheat. I think in his climate, the good yellow flint and perhaps red cob would do just as well; but he probably thought that when men had been detected in selling wooden pork hams, neatly canvassed, wooden nutmegs, and mullen for tobacco seed, &c. that the rogues had done cheating.

Most respectfully yours,

Jonathan Warner.

Ashtabula Co. Ohio, July 15, 1839.

Crops in Michigan.

A letter from Michigan gives the following interesting particulars of the crops of that State:—*Vevay Times.*

I have traversed some portion of the State, and have conversed with individuals from all parts of it,—and they all agree in stating that the crops were never so fine, or so abundant. Owing to the high price obtained last year for wheat, every effort has been made to get a crop into the ground, and the season has been every way favorable for it. Through the counties of Wayne, Oakland, Washtenaw, Monroe, Jackson, Kalamazoo, St. Joseph and other counties, the quantity of wheat sown has been very great. Some idea may be formed of the extent of the crop, when I state that on Pigeon Prairie, on an area of 12,000 acres, 8,000 at least is in wheat. On Prairie Round, with an area of 20,000 acres, at least 13,000 is in wheat. On the elevation of Prairie Round you can behold the vast plain of twelve thousand acres, all waving in golden color, ripe for the cradle. The eye that has never beheld a sight like this has no conception of its grandeur and beauty. At this moment every man and boy, and even women are actively engaged in cradling, raking, binding and shocking the golden harvest. I have seen hundreds of women near their log cabins assisting in the active duties of the field. But, after all, a large portion will be left out, and be destroyed. There is not *help* enough in the country to secure the crop.

From the Genesee Farmer.

Curing Hams.

I beg leave to present to the public my manner of preserving hams. I turn my barrel over a pan or kettle in which I burn hard wood for seven or eight days; keeping a little water on the head of the barrel, to prevent it from drying. I then pack two hundred weight of ham in my barrel and prepare a pickle, by putting six gallons of water in a boiler with twelve pounds of salt, twelve ounces of saltpetre, and two quarts of molasses. This I stir sufficiently to dissolve the salt, &c., and let it boil and skim it. I then let it cool and pour it on my ham, and in one week I have smoked hams, very tender, of an excellent flavor and well smoked. When the weather becomes warm, there will be a scum rise on the pickle. By keeping my ham under pickle, it will keep the year round.

It is better to have a good white oak barrel than any other. Try it, and if you ever had meat smoked earlier after killing, and more palatable, please inform the public through the columns of your paper. Yours, &c. H. Fowler.

Hanover, Mich. March 7, 1839.

Salt for Killing White Weed.

When the white weed has not become too plenty upon the farm it can be eradicated, and its spread prevented by a little care and attention, and "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Many who have small patches upon their farms dig up all they can find; but still some of the roots are left and spring up the next summer to the no small annoyance of the farmer, who supposed that he had rid himself of the pest.—Mr. L. Whitman of this town, informs us that he followed the plan of digging until he was tired of it, for there would always some of the roots escape and show themselves the next year in spite of him. He then prepared a strong solution of salt and water, and poured it upon spots infested with the white weed. This effected a cure. If you have any

of this weed beginning to show itself on your premises *pickle* it down.—*Maine Farmer.*

Profits of Farming.

Rev. H. Colman says: From the returns of hundreds of as intelligent farmers as are to be found in the state, I have ascertained the fact, that charging labor at one dollar per day for a man, and the same for a single team, in a 6 years' course of two manured crops and four unmanured, say for example potatoes, corn, small grain and grasses, and after paying the interest upon the land at fifty dollars per acre, and taking only a fair average of crops under good cultivation, it gives a return of 15 or 20 per cent. per year. This, when especially the greater security is taken into view, and all the wasted capital and risks and losses on the other, are brought into the account, is as good a return as has been gathered from any commercial or manufacturing stock in the country, in the same length of time, extraordinary circumstances always excepted.

Ancient Farms.

The farm of the celebrated Roman, Cincinnatus, consisted only of four acres, the other three having been lost by becoming security for a friend. Curius, who was celebrated for his frugality, who was three times chosen consul, and thrice honored with a triumph, on returning from a successful campaign refused from the people a grant of fifty acres, declaring that he was a bad citizen who could not be contented with the old allowance of seven.—*Franklin Farmer.*

A Golden Rule.

Industry will make a man a purse, and frugality will find strings for it.—Neither the purse nor the strings will cost any thing. He who has it should draw the strings as frugality directs, and he will be sure to find a useful penny at the bottom of it. The servants of industry are known by their livery; it is whole and wholesome. Idleness travels very leisurly, and poverty soon overtakes him.—Look at the ragged slaves of idleness, and judge which is the best to serve, idleness or industry.

The Circumscribed Farmer.

We mean such as possess a limited capital, and limited desire for improvement, except in their own way, often decline taking an agricultural paper, because it teaches nothing, they say, that is adapted to their practice, or that is graduated to their scale—because, in fact, it is not oral, and delivered by word of mouth, but has been subjected to the operation of the printing press.

Let us ask these gentlemen, if they were disposed to have their son learn a trade, or to become a first rate farmer, would they select a teacher of circumscribed knowledge, who followed the practices of the last century, or knew only how to *kill land*—or one who was familiar with all the improvements of the age, and whose thrift in business would be a guarantee that he *worked* it right? Now the agricultural journal is to the circumscribed farmer, what the good teacher would be to the boy—an instructor in the improvements and best practices in his business—written by those who have made and adopted them, and have profited by them,—and for the particular benefit of those who have limited means, or cannot go abroad for the information they need. The modern improvements in farming go to economize labor, or rather to render labor more productive and profitable, and to keep up the fertility of the soil—two objects of as much or of more importance to the circumscribed farmer, than it is to the one of more extended means. The man who takes an agricultural journal profits by the experience of hundreds; while he who takes none, can profit alone from his own, and from that of perhaps a few neighbors. The adage teaches; that two heads are better than one, the world over.—*Cultivator.*

Dean Swift says—"It is with little souled people as it is with narrow necked bottles, the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring out."

For the Western Farmer.

Double Flowers.

The origin of *double* flowers, *in trees*, has always appeared surprising to me, and I have no recollection of hearing or reading, of any attempt to account for it; the most beautiful we have, are those of the peach, apple, and cherry: it is probable they owe their origin to China or Japan, where the art of gardening was well understood, before Europe had emerged from barbarism. A little incident which occurred within a few weeks in my own garden, may tend to throw some light on the subject in question. My attention was called to a flower on the syringa, which on examination proved to be *double;* it had borne a profusion of *single* flowers in season, about three months previous, and this *one* came alone, and was *double!* In China they have a method of propagating trees, by which this *new species* could be continued; it is thus—provide a rope of hay, saturate it with soft (or liquified) cow manure, wind it round the branch to be propagated, till it attains the size of one's head; a vessel with water must be placed over this ball, with a tube to conduct the water thereon in drops, (it must be kept constantly moist) and in about six weeks it may be cut off and the *whole* planted in the earth.

This method of propagating will apply to any fruit tree, and you may thereby have bearing trees of all sorts, a *few feet only*, high.

It is possible that all kinds of fruit trees may at times—*out of season*—produce double flowers. I had a double flowering peach tree, to produce a few peaches. J. L.

Aug. 20th, 1839.

For the Western Farmer.

Gardens.

The improvement in our gardens, always keeps pace with our *mental culture;* the greatest attention to the science of gardening is always bestowed by those nations that are most civilized and refined; and in those neighborhoods, in our own country, where horticulture receives the greatest attention, you will always find the most virtuous and happy portion of the population. J. L.

Aug. 22nd, 1839.

Soil for the Sugar Beet.

A deep rich loam is best; but any soil that can be made mellow, will answer well. A very dry soil does not yield so large beets, but sweet and nutritious ones. The soil should be free from stones and well pulverised to a good depth, that the root may pierce it freely, and grow smooth and handsome. Plant in rows 24 or 30 inches apart, and leave the beets ten inches from each other in the rows. The ground should be thoroughly prepared and well manured.

Cure for Dysentery.

At this season of the year, when so many persons are afflicted with this most distressing disease, every thing likely to afford relief should be made public. The following is said to be a certain cure. A trial of it, at least, we should think, could do no harm. Take of Indian corn, roasted and ground in the manner of coffee, (or of coarse meal browned,) and boil in a sufficient quantity of water to produce a strong liquid like coffee, and drink a tea cup full warm, two or three times a day. One day's practice, it is said, will ordinarily effect a cure.—*American Farmer.*

Worthy of Attention.

The Philadelphia World gives the following process as one that has been tried with much success in the re-animation of persons struck by lightning, when supposed to be entirely gone. When persons are struck with lightning, if deprived of their senses, and discovered before they recover animation, they should immediately have one or two buckets of cold water dashed upon them. It seldom fails to restore suspended animation.

Good Advice.

If you would prosper in the world, adopt the following rules, and you can hardly fail of success.

1. *Be Industrious:* Time and skill are your capital.

2. *Be Saving:* Whatever it be, live within your income.

3. *Be Prudent:* Buy not what you can do without.

4. *Be Resolute:* Let your economy be always of to-day, not of to-morrow.

5. *Be contented and thankful:* A cheerful spirit makes labor light and sleep sweet, and all around happy; all of which is much better than being only *rich*.

The Beauties of Nature.

"Are not all things that are made,
Are not all things beautiful?"

THERE is a beauty on the face of the garnished earth. Its lofty snow-capped mountains, ever wearing the chilling aspect of perennial winter—the lesser, irregular protuberances that modestly raise themselves above the surrounding plains—the countless, fruitful varying from the rigidity of winter, the balmy freshness and fragrancy of spring, to the full development and richness of summer, and the perfect maturity and abundance of autumn, all present charms and beauties peculiarly their own, and never to the true admirer of nature, appear robed in forbidding or repulsive habiliments.

All things are beautiful. A sparkling beauty rides on the waves of the ocean, an irregular beauty floats on the broken current of the turbulent river—an awful beauty is reflected by the leaping cataract.

There is a calm beauty on the unrippled surface of the placid lake—a gentle beauty on the smoothly gliding stream—a serene beauty in the stillness of evening—a sublime beauty in the star spangled concave of the midnight sky.

The aurora borealis, as its glowing pillars move to and fro along the northern sky, or its broad and luminous corruscations shoot swiftly upwards to the unmoving zenith, exhibits a striking beauty—a changeful beauty reposes in the blending colors of the arching rainbow—a vivid beauty glares forth from the red lightnings of heaven—an astounding beauty pervades the architecture of the material world.

A becoming beauty suffuses the cheek of the lovely maiden—a speaking beauty beams from the eye of the intelligent woman—a chaste beauty adorns the walk of the grave matron.

An innocent beauty decks the house of childhood—a transient beauty attends the days of our youth—a manly beauty shows forth in the prime of life—a venerable beauty crowns our declining years.

A placid beauty is evinced in the unpretending appearance of the harmless lamb—a terrific beauty in the portentous aspect of the fierce tiger—an insipid beauty in the dormant recumbency of the unmoving sloth. There is beauty in all things.

The scaly inhabitants of the briny deep are beautiful in their kind—the feathered songsters of the expanded air show forth their thousand hues of living beauty. Look abroad over the bright face of the earth—view the dashing waves of the mighty ocean—survey the grand architecture of heaven—trace the almost endless varieties of the animate creation—range among the beasts of the woods—dive amidst the finny hosts that inhabit the depths of the sea—soar through the ambient air with the feathered race—search the boundless volume of nature—the whole universe of God—and then, and then only, will be unfolded an entire and infinite beauty!

Treatment of Wounds on Horses.

GEORGETOWN, D. C. February, 1839.

WASH the wound morning and night with warm soap suds, and anoint immediately after washing with whale oil.

Having used this remedy for a number of years, *at all seasons of the year*, I can confidently recommend it to others. It purifies and heals the wound as soon as is desirable for soundness; protects it from *cold and flies*, and the hair is *always* replaced, of the natural color of the animal.—*Cultivator*.

Stump Machine.

THE best stump machine I have seen or heard of consists in a *wheel and axle*. A large but simple frame is supported by two upright posts within the frame, and upon the uprights an axle is made to revolve by a wooden wheel of some

ten or twelve feet circumference, with a strong chain passing around its periphery. Two yoke of oxen will turn the wheel, and thus another chain fastened to the axle and to the stump under the machine, is wound around the axle, until the stump is torn from the earth. The machine though light is somewhat unwieldy; but the difficulty of transporting it from one stump to another might be removed by affixing wheels to it, and this would in nowise interfere with the operation of the machine. It is difficult to say how many stumps might be pulled up in a day in this manner; for such computation would be influenced by a variety of circumstances, such as the character and size of the stumps, nature of the soil, &c.; but many hundred acres of the New England territory have been cleared by this machine at the rate of ten dollars the acre; and in some instances large tracts of land which were once thickly wooded, have been rendered stumpless for the small sum of eight dollars the acre, every stump exceeding six inches in diameter, being removed."—*Northampton Courier.*

The Dead Live.

I have seen one die: she was beautiful; and beautiful were the ministries of life that were given her to fulfil. Angelic loveliness enrobed her, and a grace as if it were caught from heaven, breathed in every tone, hallowed every affection, shone in every action—invested, as a halo, her whole existence, and made it a light and blessing, a charm and a vision of gladness, to all around her: but she died! Friendship, and love, and parental fondness, and infant weakness, stretched out their hands to save her; but they could not save her: and she died! What! did all that loveliness die? Is there no land of the blessed and the lovely ones, for such to live in? Forbid it reason, religion!—bereaved affection, and undying love! forbid the thought! It cannot be that such die, in God's counsel, who live, even in frail human memory, forever.

I have seen one die—in the maturity of every power, in the earthly perfection of every faculty; when many temptations had been overcome, and many hard lessons had been learned; when many experiments had made virtue easy, and had given a facility to action, and a success to endeavor, when wisdom had been learnt from many mistakes, and a skill had been laboriously acquired in the use of many powers; and the being I looked upon, had just compassed that most useful, most practical of all knowledge, how to live, and to act well and wisely; yet I have seen such an one die! Was all this treasure gained, only to be lost? Were all these faculties trained, only to be thrown into utter disuse? Was this instrument,—the intelligent soul, the noblest in the universe,—was it so laboriously fashioned, and by the most varied and expensive apparatus, that, on the very moment of being finished, it should be cast away forever? No, the dead, as we call them, do not *so* die. They carry our thoughts to another and a nobler existence. They teach us, and especially by all the strange and seemingly untoward circumstances of their departure from this life, that they, and we, shall live forever.—*Dewey.*

Wool.

The Rutland, Vermont, Herald states that the growth of the present year is selling at the average rate of 50 cents per pound, and that the proceeds of the sales throughout the State will form an aggregate of about fifteen hundred thousand dollars.

Patent Office.

It appears from the annual report of the commissioner, that 520 patents have been issued during the last year; that 224 patents have expired; that the receipts of the office have been $42,123-.54, and the ordinary expenses of the office have been $19,180.18—leaving a surplus of $19,243.36.

The safest means of becoming known to many, is by assisting many that are unknown.

A punctual man is very rarely a poor man.